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Organization among Women considered in respect :

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The Economy of Woman's Forces through Organization : — The final step.

On Sunday, May 21, the closing day of the Congress, there will be religious services conducted entirely by women ordained as ministers, every denomination which has admitted women to the ministry being represented.

AMONG THE PAPERS.

MR. BLAINE AS A MAN OF PEACE.

By THE HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, *Secretary of State.*

Mr. Blaine's career as Secretary of State was in marked contrast with the popular impression of his character. As a political leader he had been distinguished for impetuosity and combativeness. As the head of the Foreign Office, in his dealings with other nations he was pre-eminently a man of peace and a consistent advocate of arbitration as the only rational and statesmanlike method for the settlement of international difficulties.

In 1881, when he accepted the portfolio of State under President Garfield, one of his first acts was an endeavor to reconcile the unfortunate differences between three of the South American republics, and terminate a cruel and devastating war. Although unsuccessful in that attempt, it led to his issuance of his celebrated invitation for an International Conference of the American nations, whose only and expressed object was to secure the adoption of arbitration as a permanent means of preserving the peace which he believed was necessary to secure the prosperity of the American hemisphere. In that invitation, issued in the name of the President, a general congress was called "for the purpose of considering and discussing the methods of preventing war between the nations of America. He (the President) desires that the attention of congress shall be strictly confined to the one great object; that its sole aim shall be to seek a way of permanently averting the horrors of cruel and bloody combat between countries, oftenest of one blood and speech, or the even worse calamity of internal commotion and civil strife;" and this object was further elaborated in Mr. Blaine's most expressive rhetoric.

The tragic termination of Garfield's administration defeated for the time this great and beneficial scheme. But a second time called to be Secretary of State, after an intervening lapse of seven years, it fell to his lot, by an unusual development of events, to carry out, after this long interval, during which an adverse party was in power, the notable policy outlined in his first stormy year of office. With that prescience that enabled him to grasp and make his own, ideas and aspirations that had lain dormant under the touch of less keen-sighted or less sympathetically practical statesman than he, he seized upon the thought that had vainly struggled for expression not only in our own country but in the Spanish American republics from the early years of the present century; and at his touch the old chimera of a federation of the

interests of the States of the American hemisphere into a common solidity became transformed into an acceptance by our sister commonwealths of the invitation to confer in search of some harmonious understanding whereby their common interests might be subserved, and peace and good-will maintained among them.

The meeting of the Pan-American Conference marked an epoch in the international history of the Western hemisphere. Its deliberations are now historical, and while many of the results then aimed at remain for future accomplishment, its practical outcome will long exert a potential influence in the relations of the American States to one another. It recognized and formulated, as never before, their common needs and aspirations. The plan of arbitration, which had been the great idea which inspired the first invitation, was found difficult of realization, and it was only through the masterful and persuasive influence of Mr. Blaine, actively exerted, that the great body of the Conference was brought to indorse the plan which he had proposed, which, if it has not yet been effective, marks a great advance in the theoretical law of nations.

But as Secretary he had other conspicuous opportunities of exhibiting his tendency toward the peaceful settlement of differences. At the opening of his second term of office he found the Samoan complication seriously threatening the harmonious relations of three great powers; but within a few months, by peaceful negotiations, they were adjusted. The abrupt and dangerous Chilean episode was significant in that it was so conducted as to bring that Government to propose arbitration, which its delegates had stoutly opposed in the Pan-American Conference. The Behring Sea controversy was Mr. Blaine's most animated and prolonged diplomatic discussion, and his skill in polemics was never displayed with more brilliancy; but he crowned the controversy by the peaceful settlement of arbitration.

When the history of his life comes to be dispassionately written, his work as Secretary of State will be found to be his most enduring monument of fame, and chiefly because he believed that the true mission of diplomacy was to avert or compose difficulties, not to excite them, and, with the issues of peace and war within his hands, he was pre-eminently a man of peace.

—*The Independent.*

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

The suggestion recently made to the special congressional committee engaged in investigating into the causes of the Homestead strike by one of the representatives of the Amalgamated Association, that Congress should by statute arrange for compulsory arbitration in labor quarrels, is a method of settling disputes much more effective in theory than practice. It is easily possible that the judgment of a national board of arbitration which went against the employer of workmen would admit of enforcement; that is, if the employer did not observe the findings of the tribunal and increase his wages, he could either be forbidden to run his factory or carry on his business, or if a penalty was attached to a disregard of the finding of the tribunal, this could be levied upon the property of the offender. But with the workmen the case is altogether different, and this responsibility in no way attaches.

We do not believe that the members of the Amalgamated Association, or, indeed, any trades union, would agree, when put to the test, to submit to a compulsory finding by a national board of arbitration which went against them. The only means of enforcement would be by imprisoning those workmen who refused to serve for an employer whom they believed to be paying them less in wages than they deserved to receive. The United States authorities, by marshals or by soldiers, would have to drive men to their work under penalty of arrest and imprisonment if they did not do this service, and it seems to us that the work done by the employes under such conditions would be even less satisfactory than that performed by convicts in a state prison. In fact, the men would be prisoners, for, having submitted their case to arbitration, they would be just as much forced to stay and work under the new condition of things as the employer would be to give them work at their terms if the decision went against him, and they could not desert and try to find work elsewhere without violating one of the conditions of this forced settlement.

It may be said that this is not what compulsory arbitration is intended to do, but merely that the question at issue must be brought before some legal tribunal, and after the judgment of the latter has been given, its enforcement must rest with public opinion. This, however, is hardly more than many of the States now provide by special enactment, and, as we understand it, this is not what the advocates of compulsory arbitration are demanding. On the other hand, to accept the extreme method we have referred to above would be to open the way to a species of official despotism, exercised over both employers and employed, which might be possible in Turkey and Russia, but which could only be put in force here after our present fabric of free institutions had been entirely broken down.—*Boston Herald*.

VICTORIES OF PACIFIC CHRISTIANITY IN PATAGONIA.

Most people know very little about Patagonia and the adjacent Archipelago. Nearly sixty years ago a foundation of knowledge was laid by the exploring voyage of the "Beagle," in which went Charles Darwin. Of the Fuegians he recorded in his "Naturalist's Voyage":—"These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces were bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world." Mr. Darwin often expressed his conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians, probably the lowest of the human race. Twenty years afterwards he revisited the place in the "Challenger," and thereafter again wrote, in 1870:—"The success of the Tierra del Fuego Mission is most wonderful, and shames me; as I always prophesied utter failure." Seeing is believing. Forthwith the great scientist sent £5 to the Mission, and continued to subscribe to it until his death.

The history of the South American Mission would furnish books of adventure as exciting as any boy could wish for. Its success has won the astonished praises of men of

all religions and of no religion, as an instance of miracle-working Christianity. It is a religious phenomenon of the highest interest, from the standpoint of humanism and civilization. Mr. Aspinall, a member of the Y. M. C. A., who went out to Tierra del Fuego several years ago, to learn something of the present and past of this remarkable enterprise, states that there are about 8000 of the natives distributed over the islands, and they are roughly divided into three tribes. The Fuegians are in the most primitive form of society, not having yet advanced from family to tribal life or to any idea of leaders and lieutenants. They are entirely nomadic. Some live huddled along with their dogs in wigwams apparently of the Kaffir pattern, but a large proportion of them live in canoes, going ashore only as an exception. Here they hunt, eat, sleep and bring up families, which they do not hesitate to chuck overboard should safety or convenience suggest it. In the bottom of the canoe they build a rude hearthstone of sods and gravel, on which they keep a fire going. The marriage condition is settled for the Fuegian by the needs of his canoe. The man generally has two wives, for he needs a paddler on either side while he hunts and fishes from the end. Fishing is done with spears; and fish, seal, penguin, and such aquatic birds, are the Fuegian's rare luxuries. His vegetable diet is the berry of a dwarf shrub and a large yellow fungus developed by the beech. His usual bill of fare ranges between mussels and limpets. They are almost wholly naked, and daub themselves thickly with grease and earth. A skin hung over the body, and, in the case of the women, a triangular kind of apron, comprise their sole defence against the bitter inclemency of the climate. It is not surprising, then, to hear that pneumonia is the national disease. They are probably cannibals, eating their old women when past other service, as is common among savages. Being void of all gentle sentiments, even the love of offspring, they are brutal to weakness and suffering. In appearance the Fuegians are in marked contrast to their giant neighbors the Patagians.

The pioneer of the present mission was Captain Allen Gardiner, who sailed in 1850 with two missionaries and four Cornish fishermen for Tierra del Fuego. They landed, had to flee from the natives, lost a boat in bad weather, and were finally stranded on a desert shore. There they prayed, hoped, starved, and died in 1851; but the diary of Gardiner, preserved and picked up in a way that recalls the stories of pirates' charts and treasure islands, mapped out a scheme of the mission, traced with his dying hand, which has been followed in the main ever since. Two years afterwards a missionary schooner, christened with his name, sailed for Keppel Island, one of the Falklands; and for a few years the British colony was made the base of operations, no one daring to pitch a tent among the natives. In 1859, however, emboldened by frequent communication, a small, devoted band, headed by Mr. Phillips and Captain Fell, went ashore on one of the islands. It was a Sunday in November. In the midst of a service of prayer they were every one massacred.

This was a terrible check. But there were embarked in this work the ardor of the pioneer, the enthusiasm of religion, and the indomitable pluck of the English character. A few years more of patient communication by ship was followed by another visit, which the natives expected to be one of reprisal, and were perplexed accordingly. Then another, during which the bones of the last band of martyrs were discovered, and buried where they

lay. It must have been a solemn funeral service, and a time of suspense; but it had no tragic end. First awed and puzzled, the natives were presently fascinated. The new year 1869 found the Rev. W. H. Stirling, subsequently Bishop of the Falklands, installed, and presently left alone, as the southern outpost of civilization, in the station of Ooshooia, on the north shore of the Beagle Channel. It is wonderful how this man held sway alone among the rough, impulsive savages around him; but he did; and from that day to this the mission has gone forward without another check.

There is now a Christian village at Ooshooia, with cottages, a church, a school-house, and an orphanage of twenty-five children, who sew, and read, and write on slates and copybooks, and recite from blackboards, and learn geography, just like their English contemporaries in a country boarding-school. The men plant and fence in gardens, fell trees, saw planks, build cottages, make roads, keep cattle and goats. The children are ready learners.

The remarkable thing is the spread of good influences radiating from the mission centre. It would be easy to quote blood-curdling stories of the fate of ships wrecked on the Fuegian coasts in the past; how the sailors were hacked in pieces by native Amazons, and how crews preferred to blow themselves up in a stockade rather than try the clemency of the Fuegians. During the last few years this has entirely ceased; terrified sailors have found themselves, to their astonishment, treated with gentleness and generosity. An exploring expedition sent out by the Argentine Government (which divides Fuegia with Chile), probably to spy out the land of the always suspect English missionaries, was succored in bad weather by the civilized natives, and went back to bless. Recognition followed from the two Governments, and similar experiences some way from the mission district have made the Admiralty mark the coast as safe on the official chart.

The natural ferocity of the natives must have been increased by the unspeakable cruelties they have always suffered from the Argentines and Chileans. Both countries exhibit the worst vices of the Spanish blood. The sealers think nothing of kidnapping a Fuegian woman, imprisoning her on board for the whole sealing season, and then landing her on an island, whence by swimming from one place to another she may, perhaps, get back to her own people, loaded with disease, and a source of horrible poison among the natives. Awhile ago the crew of a ship which touched, and was surrounded by the curious natives in canoes, invited them on board, and then enticed the women down into the hold. Presently one of the husbands left on deck went to the hatchway, where he was promptly brained by the captain. His comrades rushed forward, and were all killed by the captain's revolver. After hideous outrage, there escaped out of twenty-five men and women only one woman and one boy who jumped overboard.

The Argentine Government simply lay the blame on the natives, but surely in face of these intolerable outrages some pressure might be brought to bear to give civilization a fair chance in Tierra del Fuego.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE EUROPEAN ENCAMPMENT.

We publish to-day a letter from the secretaries of the Peace Society on a subject of international moment. People in the wear and tear of life are very apt to look

upon some huge evils as a necessary part of our belongings, to get rid of which is impossible. This is a very serious mistake. There is probably no greater evil at the present day than the gigantic armaments of Continental countries. They are a crushing load upon the industrious and peaceful people of Europe, at least in those countries where powerful armaments are maintained. The prosperity of many a fair district is grievously hampered by the enormous sums which have to be voted yearly in support of battalions of men armed to the teeth, and waiting only the signal to rush at each other's throats. People have so long been accustomed to endure this gigantic evil that they come at length to regard it as one of the necessary circumstances of life. The real magnitude of the evil will be known some day when a continental war breaks out, and thousands of men are rushed to destruction. That is, perhaps, not the worst of it. There will be left also many weeping widows and desolate orphans to deplore the hour when were let loose the dogs of war. The British Parliament prides itself on being the centre of civilization. It has extended its empire, it is alleged, only to ensure the welfare of suffering multitudes and in the interests of humanity. Would it not be well if it practised a little of what it preaches? If it now headed a movement for universal disarmament in Europe, what blessings might not follow, and what happiness might not the movement create! The United States is a mighty country, yet it has no standing army worth speaking of. But it has been the wise and conciliatory policy of her statesmen to settle by international arbitration any of the vexed questions which now and again arise. She has prospered exceedingly under this system. If the rulers of armed Europe could be induced to adopt a similar policy, what benefits would they not confer upon millions of people! Those vast sums, which now support what has been not inaptly termed as a European encampment, could be diverted to other and more worthy channels.—(Belfast) *Irish News*.

BROTHERS.

Among the sayings of Jesus we find one that cuts sharply across the ideas of many good people. It is like the ax that is laid at the root of the tree. It is this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Who is our neighbor? Our Lord was asked this question, and in reply he told the story of the good Samaritan. The doctrine that underlies this saying is the brotherhood of all men. It is a doctrine that, with all our progress since the time when the whole earth was filled with hostile tribes and clans, we have not yet fully received.

It is claimed by the brightest "free-thinkers" of our times that there is a difference between the Christianity of the Gospels and the Christianity of men. It is claimed that the latter is very much inferior to the former. We have books written on the so called "transformations of Christianity," showing how, step by step, the Church has gotten off from simple Gospel grounds; and it is even claimed that the Christianity of man stands between the world and the Christianity of the Bible so as to be a stumbling-block and a barrier.

Now, there is doubtless some injustice in many such utterances, but there is also some truth in them; and that there is truth appears from the application made to

nations and individuals of the doctrine of the brotherhood of men. In view of the Master's doctrine what should be the course of both State and Church respecting those elements among us that are commonly called foreign—that from the crowded parts of the old world, and even from those parts where the remote East and the remote West become the same, come, for a longer or a shorter period, to our shores? Is the Negro our brother? Is the Jew our brother? Is the Irishman our brother? Is the French-Canadian our brother? Is the Chinaman our brother? We should ask these questions not as the descendants of any one people on the face of the earth, but as men, and, above all, as Christians. And unless we wish to give point to the charge that the Christianity of men is a thing too corrupt to be considered the Christianity of the Bible, we must give such answer to these questions as Jesus would give, and see to it that our common conversation, our social customs, and our political platforms accord with that answer.—*The Morning Star*.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

"AFTERWARDS."

FROM FRENCH LEAFLETS OF POTONIE-PIERRE.

I.

In 1878, when returning from a trip in the North, I passed through Franckfort; instead of returning directly to Paris, I resolved to see again Wiesbaden, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, whence I could take an express train which would bring me home in twelve hours. So I directed my course toward the Taunus station, proposing to breakfast at Wiesbaden.

I devoted my afternoon to a visit to the aged Günther, whom as a beardless young man I had known when I was learning German in the former capital of Nassau. Instead of getting into the train again, calling up the remembrances of former years when I went swimming in the Rhine, I chose to go on foot to Biebrich. Perhaps the poor old man was dead; no matter; I would learn what had become of him.

All along the road the reminiscences of my sixteenth year danced before me like a cloud of phantoms; I recalled the gardener, jolly good man that he was, who received me then with open arms, and I felt myself oppressed, like one whose home was on the banks of the great river, at the thought that the Duchy had lost its independence, swallowed up by invading Prussia.

Having arrived at the park of Biebrich, I asked for the head gardener; a man of forty years old appeared and told me that for a long time father Günther had lived in Wiesbaden. "He will not last long, poor old man," I was told. "He must have had a constitution of iron to hold out to the present time."

I went to the station, and the first train brought me in a twinkling back to Wiesbaden.

I found the aged Günther buried in a big arm-chair near the open window. He did not recognize me. It was impossible that he should do so, as so many years had passed. I had been informed that he had a sort of monomania which brought him back continually to the

same thought, leaving him only just enough lucidity to speak always of the same subject.

"Oh," said he feebly when he had heard my name, "how I have suffered, how I have suffered since the time when you came to see me at Biebrich. *She* was not then born, and she is now gone, poor girl. She was all that I had left, sir," said the old man, grasping my two hands, bringing his face near my own, and looking with moist eyes directly into mine; well, it was your French bullets that killed her, by their indirect effect, without touching her.

"She loved him so much, you see; oh, tell me that all does not end here on the earth; I wish—I must find her again, my Malchen, my little darling, my former joy, my everything, everything."

"Oh, happily, it will not be long, not long,—" and the poor old man exhausted, breathing heavily, almost without consciousness, threw back his white and wrinkled head upon the pillow placed behind him on the back of the arm-chair.

The woman who took care of him approached, had him breathe some salts, and opening his toothless mouth had him swallow a spoonful of cordial.

"I should be very sorry," I said, "if my visit should do him harm."

"Oh no, sir," answered the woman, "these fainting spells come upon him for any trifle, or rather for no reason; always when he awakens from his torpor he has such spells."

I had scarcely got back to Paris when I learned of the old man's death. He is very happy now, I cannot help thinking.

II.

Seven years before my visit to the aged Günther, one winter evening, the grandfather and his granddaughter, sad and overwhelmed by the news of the war, were looking silently at the snow which was seen falling outside of the window panes.

"How cold it must be," ejaculated the young girl with a sigh.

"Oh yes," said the old man, "very, very cold;" and Günther shivered.

"Father, you are concealing something from me; is Fritz wounded? Somebody has written so to you, sure, and you have told me nothing of it."

"My dear daughter, be calm,—" and Günther approached the child, seeing her already growing pale and tottering.

"You answer me nothing? Oh! my God, is he then dead?" Then, her grandfather saying nothing, she went on: "Dead, dead, all is over, you cannot lie, he is dead, I see, oh God, oh God!"

Malchen put her head into her hands, and pressed her temples. "I am going wild," she exclaimed with an unearthly cry.

Her grandfather took her in his arms, carried her to the table, and with his handkerchief, upon which he poured some water, he bathed her forehead and her temples, saying to her anxiously: "Weep, weep, just weep." Alas! the child kept her eyes dry. Her fixed look seemed to hurl out lightning-flashes of revolt. "Killed, killed," she finally hissed out with strangling of the throat, "wait, I'm coming."